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[The spirit which breathes through the following letter, is in every way so gratifying to our feelings, and so kindly and delicately anticipates what we had wished to say, on the important subject of sterling contributions from the native talent of our country, that we have solicited and obtained permission from the fair and amiable writer, to publish it along with the delightful tale which it accompanied.]

To the Editor of the Dublin Literary Gazette.

DEAR SIR,

It gives me very sincere pleasure to proffer you my first contribution to the "Dublin Literary Gazette," and to offer you, as an Irishwoman, my very grateful thanks for having commenced an undertaking—the success or failure of which will make me either proud or ashamed of my country.

If Scotland can and does support two weekly Literary Journals, it would be melancholy indeed, if in Ireland one such publication, and that so spirited an one as is now about to issue from the press of Dublin, did not prosper.

My humble, but cheerful attempt, may, I hope, do good in one way—it may induce some of the many hundreds of our countrymen and countrywomen who are reaping gold and golden opinions on this side the channel, to use their pens in forwarding a work which must decide the yet undetermined point—whether in Ireland there is spirit, energy, and national feeling enough, to sustain a literary periodical.

Pray command my services in any way, and believe me,

Faithfully yours,

ANNA MARIA HALL.

59, Upper Charlotte-st. Fitzroy-square.
December, 1833.

KATE CONNOR,

{A TRUE RECORD}—BY MRS. S. C. HALL,

Author of "Sketches of Irish Character," &c.

"Trust me, your Lordship's opinion is unfounded," said the Lady Helen Graves; and as the noble girl uttered the words, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed with greater feeling than high-born fashionables generally deem necessary.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Earl, looking up at the animated features of his god-daughter, "and how comes my pretty Helen to know aught of the matter; methinks she has learned more than the mysteries of harp and lute, or the soft tones of the Italian and Spanish tongues: 'come,' he continued, 'sit down on this soft Ottoman, and prove the negative to my assertion—that the Irish act only from impulse, not from principle."

"How long can an impulse last," enquired the lady, who, like a good girl, did as she was bid, (which women by the way, seldom do, unless they have a point to carry), and seated herself at her god-father's feet, in the very spot he wished, playfully resting her rosy cheek on his hand, as she enquired—"tell me first how long an impulse can last!"

"It is only a momentary feeling, my love, although acting upon it may embitter a long life."

"But an impulse cannot last for a month, can it? Then I am quite safe, and now your Lordship must listen to a true tale, and must suffer me to tell it in my own way, *brogue* and all; and moreover, must have patience. It is about a peasant maiden, whom I dearly love—aye, and respect too, and whenever I think of sweet 'Kate Connor,' I bless God that the aristocracy of virtue, (if I dare use such a

phrase) may be found, in all its lustre, in an Irish cabin."

"It was on one of the most chill of all November days, the streets and houses filled with fog, and the few stragglers in the square, in their dark clothes, looking like dirty demons in a smoky pantomime, that papa and myself, at that *outré* season, when every body is out of town, arrived here from Brighton; he had been summoned on business, and I preferred accompanying him, to remaining on the coast alone. "Not at home to any one," were the orders issued, when we sat down to dinner. The cloth had been removed, and papa was occupying himself in looking over some papers; from his occasional frown I fancied they were not of the most agreeable nature; at last I went to my harp, and played one of the airs of my country, of which I knew he was particularly fond. He soon left his seat, and kissing my forehead with much tenderness, said—"that strain is too melancholy for me just now, Helen, for I have received no very pleasant news from my Irish agent." I expressed my sincere sorrow at the circumstance, and ventured to make some enquiries as to the intelligence that had arrived. "I cannot understand it," he said; "when we resided there, it was only from the papers that I heard of the 'dreadful murders'—'horrible outrages,' and 'malicious burnings.' All around us was peace and tranquillity; my rents were as punctually paid as in England; for in both countries a tenant, yes, and a good tenant too, may be sometimes in arrear. I made allowance for the national character of the people, and while I admired the contented and happy faces that smiled as joyously over potatoes and milk, as if the board had been covered with a feast of venison, I endeavoured to make them desire more, and then sought to attach them to me by supplying their new wants."

"And, dear sir, you succeeded," I said. "Never were hearts more grateful—never were tears more sincere, than when we left them to the care of that disagreeable, ill-looking agent."

"Hold, Lady Mal-a-pert," interrupted my father sternly; "I selected Mr. O'Brien: you can know nothing as to his qualifications. I believe him to be an upright, but I fear me, a stern man; and I apprehend he has been made the tool of a party."

"Dear papa, I wish you would again visit the old castle. A winter amongst my native mountains would afford me more pure gratification than the most successful season in London." My father smiled and shook his head. "The rents are now so difficult to collect, that I fear"—he paused, and then added abruptly, "it is very extraordinary, often as I mention it to O'Brien, that I can receive no information as to the Connors. You have written frequently to your poor nurse, and she must have received the letters—I sent them over with my own, and they have been acknowledged!" He had scarcely finished this sentence, when we heard the porter in loud remonstrance with a female who endeavoured to force her way through the hall. I half opened the library door, where we were sitting, to ascertain the cause of the interruption. "Ah then, sure, ye wouldn't have the heart to turn a poor craythur from the doore—that's come sich a way, jist to spake tin words to his lordship's glory. And don't tell me that my Lady Hilin wouldn't see me, and she to the fore."

It was enough; I knew the voice of my nurse's daughter—and would, I do think, have kissed her with all my heart, but she fell on her knees, and clasping my hand firmly, between hers—exclaimed, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, and sobs almost choked her utterance—"Holy Mary! Thank God!—'Tis herself sure!—though so beautiful!—and no ways proud!—and I will have justice!" And then in a subdued voice she added—"Praise to the Lord!—his care niver left me—and I could die content this minute—only for you, mother, dear!—yerself only—and— Our powdered knaves, I perceived, smiled and sneered—when they saw Kate Connor—seated that evening by my side—and my father (heaven bless him for it!) opposite to us in his great arm-chair, listening to the story that Kate had to unfold.

"Whin ye's left us, we all said that the winter was come in earnest, and that the summer was gone for ever. Well, my Lord, we struv to please the agint, why not?—sure he was the master ye set over us!—but it doesn't become the likes o' me, nor wouldn't be manners to turn my tongue agin him, and he made as good as a jintleman, to be sure, by yer lordship's notice—which the whole country knew he was not afore—either by birth or breeding. Well, my Lady—sure if ye put a sod o' turf—saving yer presence—in a goold dish, it's only a turf still—and he must ha' been ould nick's born child—(Lord save us!) whin yer honor's smile couldn't brighten him—and it's the truth I'm telling, and no lye—first of all, the allowance to my mother was stopped for damage the pig did to the new hedges—and thin we were forced to give our best fowl as a *compliment* to Mr. O'Brien—because the goat—(and the cra-thur without a tooth!) they said, skinned the trees—then the priest (yer Lordship *minds*, Father Lavery)—and the agint, quarrelled, and so—out o' spite—he set up a school—and would make all the childer go to larn there—and thin the priest hindered—and to be sure we *stud* by the church—and so there was nothin' but fighting—and the boys gave over work, seeing that the tip-tops didn't care how things went—only abusing each other. But it isn't that I should be bothering yer kind honors wid. My brother, near two years agone, picked up wid the hoith of bad company—God knows how—and got above us all—so grand-like—wearing a new coat, and a watch, and a jewel ring! so—whin he got the time o' day in his pocket, he wouldn't look at the same side of the way we wint—well, lady dear, this struck to my mother's heart—yet it was only the beginning of trouble—he was found in the dead o' night" (continued poor Kate, her voice trembling)—"but ye hard it all—'twas in the papers—and he was sint beyant seas. Och! many's the night we have spint crying to think of that shame! or on our bare bended knees—praying that God might turn his heart. Well, my lady, upon that, Mr. O'Brien made no more ado—but said we were a seditious family, and that he had yer lordship's warrant to turn us out—and that the cabin—the mate little cabin—ye gave to my mother was to go to the gauger."

"He did not dare to say that!" interrupted my father proudly—"he did not dare to use my name to a falsehood."

"The word—the very word I spoke"—exclaimed Kate—"Mother, says I, his lordship would niver take back, for the sin of the son,

what he gave to the mother! Sure it was hard upon her grey hairs to see her own boy brought to shame—without being turned out of her little place whin the snow was on the ground—in the could night, whin no one was stirring to say, God save ye. I remember it well—he would not suffer us to take so much as a blanket—because the bits o' things were to be canted the next morning to pay the rint of a field which my brother took but never worked—my poor mother cried like a babby—and *happing* the ould grey cat, that your ladyship gave her for a token, when it was a small kit, in her apron—we set off as well as we could, for Mrs. Cassidy's farm. It was more than two miles from us—and the snow drifted—and, och! but sorrow *wakens* a body, and my mother foundered like, and couldn't walk—so I covered her over to wait till she rested a bit—and sure your token, my lady, kept her warm—for the baste had the sinse a'most of a christian. Well, I was praying for God to direct us for the best—(but, may be, I'm tiring your honors)—whin, as if from heaven, up drives Barney, and—

“Who is Barney, Kate?”

“I wish, my dear lord, you could have seen—Kate Connor, when I asked that question—the way-worn girl looked absolutely beautiful—I must tell you that she had exchanged, by my desire, her tattered gown and travel-stained habiliments, for a smart dress of my waiting-maid's—which, if it were not correctly put on, looked, to my taste, all the better.—Her face was pale—but her fine dark intelligent eyes gave it much and varied expression—her beautiful hair—even Lafont's trim cap could not keep it within proper bounds—actuated, probably, by former bad habits, came straying (or, as she would call it *streeeling*) down her neck, and her mobile mouth was garnished with teeth, which many a duchess would envy—she was sitting on a low seat—her crossed hands resting on her knees, and was going through her narrative in as straightforward a manner as could be expected—but my unfortunate question as to the identity of Barney put her out;—face—forehead, neck—were crimsoned in an instant—papa turned away his head to smile—and I blushed from pure sympathy.”

“Barney—is Barney—Cassidy—my lady,” (she replied at length, rolling up Lafont's founce in lieu of her apron)—and a great true friend of—of—my mother's—

“And of yours also, I suspect, Kate” said my father.

“We were neighbours childer, plase your your honorable lordship—and only natural, if we had a—a frindly—”

“Love for each other,” said my lordly pape; for once condescending to banter.

“It would be far from the likes o' me—to contradict, ye'r honor”—she stammered forth at length.

“Go on with your story”—said I gravely.

“I'm thinking, my lord, and my lady, I left off in the snow—O, no,—he was come up with the car:—well, to be sure, he took us to his mother's house—and, och! my lady, but it's in the walls o' the poor cabins ye find hearts!—not that I'm down running the gintry—who, to be sure, knows better manners—but it's a great blessing to the traveller to have a warm fire—and dry lodging, and share of what-ever's going—all for the love of God—and *cèad mile fàille* with it!—Well to be sure, they never looked to our property—and Barney—

thought to persuade me to make my mother his mother—and never heeded the disgrace that had come to the family—and knowing his heart was set upon me, his mother did the same—and my own mother too, the crathur! wanted me settled—well—they all cried and wished it done off at once't—and it was a sore trial that.—Barney, says I, let go my hand—hould ye'r whislt all o' ye, for the blessed virgin's sake, and dont be making me mad intirely—and I seemed to gain strength, though my heart was bursting.”

“Look, says I—bitter wrong has been done us—but no matter—I know our honorable landlord had neither act, nor part in it—how could he? and my mind misgives—that my lady has often written to you, mother—for it isn't in her to forget ould frinds—but I'll tell ye what I'll do—there's nobody we know barring his riverence, and the school-master, could tell the rights of it to his honor's glory—upon paper: his riverence wouldn't meddle nor make in it—and the school-master's a frind of the agent's—so ye see, dears, I'll jist go fair and asy off to London myself, an' see his lordship—an' make him *insible*, and—before I could say my say—they all—all but Barney—set up sich a scornful laugh at me, as never was heard—‘she's mad,’ says one—‘she's a fool,’ says another—‘where's the money to pay your expinces?’ says a third—and how could ye find your way that doesn't know a step o' the road, even to Dublin?’ says a fourth.—Well—I waited till they were all done, and then took the thing quietly.—I don't think, says I, there's either madness or folly in trying to get one's own again.—As to the money, it's but little of that I want, for I've the use of my limbs and can walk—and it'll go hard if one of ye's wont lend me a pound, or, may be, thirty shillings—and no one shall ever lose by Kate Connor, to the value of a brass farthing—and as to not knowing the road—sure I've a tongue in my head—and if I hadn't, the great God that taches the innocent swallows their way over the salt seas—will do as much for a poor girl who puts all her trust in him.—‘My heart's against it,’ said Barney—but she's in the right—and then he wanted to persuade me to go before the priest with him—but no—says I—I'll niver do that till I find justice—I'll niver bring both shame and poverty to an honest boy's hearth-stone.—I'll not be tiring ye'r noble honor's any longer wid the sorrow, and all that, whin I left them—they'd have forced me to take more than the thirty shillings—God knows how they raised that same—but I thought it enough—and by the time I reached Dublin—there was eight of it gone—small way the rest lasted—and I was ill three days, from the sea, in Liverpool.—Oh—when I got a good piece of the way—when my bits o' rags were all sold—my feet bare and bleeding, and the doors of the sweet white cottages shut against me, and I was tould to ‘go to my parish’—thin—thin I felt that I was in the land of the cowl'd hearted stranger.—Och—the English are a fine honest people, but no ways tinder—well—my lord, the hardest temptation I had at all (and here Lady Helen looked up into her godfather's face with a supplicating eye, and pressed her small white hand affectionately upon his arm, as if to rivet his most earnest attention) was whin I was sitting crying by the road side—for I was tired and hungry, and who of all the birds in the air drives up in a sort of a cart, but Mister O'Hay, the great

pig marchant—from a mile beyant our place—well, to be sure, it was he wasn't surprised when he seen me!—‘Come back, with me, Kate honey!’ says he—‘I'm going straight home, and I'll free your journey—whin ye return, I'll let the boy, *ye know*, have a nate little cabin I've got to let, for (he was pleased to say) you deserve it:—but I thought I'd persevere to the end—so (God bless him for it) he had only tin shillings—seeing he was to receive the money for the pigs he had sould, at the next town—but what he had he gave me, that brought me the rest of the journey—and if I hadn't much comfort by the way, sure I had hope—and that's God's own blessing to the sorrowful—and now, here I am, asking justice—in the name of the widow and the orphan, that have been wronged by that black-hearted man—and, sure, as there's light in heaven, in his garden the nettle and the hemlock will soon grow, in place of the sweet roses—and whin he lies in his bed on his dying-day, the just and holy God—‘My father here interrupted, and in a calm firm voice reminded her, that before him she must not indulge in invective.’ I humbly ask your honor's pardon, said the poor girl—I have it all now just to God and ye'r honor, and shame upon me that forgot to power upon you, my lady, the blessings the ould mother of me sint ye—full and plinty may ye ever know,’ said she from her heart, the crathur! ‘may the sun niver be too hot, or the snow too could for ye—may ye live in honor, and die in happiness—and in the ind, may heaven be yer bed.’”

‘And now, my dear Lord,’ continued the Lady Helen, ‘tell me—if a fair English maiden—with soft blue eyes—and delicate accent—had thus suffered—if driven from her beloved home, with a helpless parent—she had refused the hand of the man she loved, because she would not bring poverty to his dwelling—if she had undertaken a journey to a foreign land—suffered scorn, and starvation—been tempted to return, but until her object was accomplished—until justice was done to her parent, resisted that temptation—would you say she acted from *impulse* or from *principle*?’

I say, replied the old gentleman, answering his god-daughter's winning smile, that you are a saucy gypsy—to catch me in this way—fine times, indeed, when a pretty lass of eighteen talks down a man of sixty! But tell me the result?”

Instead of returning to Brighton—my father, without apprising our *worthy* agent, in three days arranged for our visiting dear Ireland! Only think, how delightful—so romantic, and so useful too—Kate, you cannot imagine how lovely she looked—she quite eclipsed Lafont! Then her exclamations of delight—were so new—so curious—nothing so original to be met with—even at the soirées of the literati. There you may watch for a month without hearing a single thing worth remembering; but Kate's remarks were so shrewd, so mixed with observation and simplicity, that every idea was worth noting. I was so pleased with the prospect of the meeting—the discomfiture of the agent—the joy of the lovers—and the wedding—(all stories that end properly, end in that way, you know)—that I did not even request to spend a day in Bath. We hired a carriage in Dublin, and just on the verge of papa's estate, saw Mr. O'Brien—his hands in his pockets—his fuzzy red hair, sticking out all round his dandy hat, like a burning furze bush—and his vulgar ugly face as

dirty as if it had not been washed for a month. He was lording it over some half-naked creatures, who were breaking stones, but who, despite his presence, ceased working as the carriage approached. "There's himself!"—muttered Kate. We stopped—and I shall never forget the appalled look of O'Brien when my father put his head out of the window. Cruikshank had have seen it. He could not utter a single sentence—many of the poor men also recognized us—and as we nodded and spoke to some we recognised amongst them, shouted so loudly for fair joy—that the horses galloped on—not before, however, the triumphant Katherine almost throwing herself out, exclaimed—"And I'm here Mr. O'Brien—in the same coach wid my lord and my lady—and now we'll have justice;" at which my father was very angry, and I was equally delighted. It was worth a king's ransom to see the happiness of the united families of the Connor's and Cassidy's—the grey cat, even, purred with satisfaction—then such a wedding! Only fancy—dear my Lord—my being bridesmaid! dancing an Irish jig on an earthen floor! Ye exquisites and exclusives! How would ye receive the Lady Helen Graves if this were known at Almack's? From what my father saw and heard, when he used his own eyes and ears for the purpose, he resolved to reside six months out of the twelve at Castle Graves. You can scarcely imagine how well we get on—the people are sometimes a little obstinate, in the matter of smoke—and now and then, an odd dunghill too near the door—and as they love liberty themselves, do not much like to confine their pigs. But these are only trifles. I have my own school, on my own plan, which I will explain to you another time, and now will only tell you that it is visited by both clergyman and priest—and I only wish that all our *absentees* would follow our example—and then, my dear god-papa, THE IRISH WOULD HAVE GOOD IMPULSES, AND ACT UPON RIGHT PRINCIPLES.

December, London.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

Tales of a Grandfather, being Stories from the History of Scotland. Third Series. 3 vols. 18mo. Cadell & Co. Edinburgh, 1830.

We have this day to present to the notice of our readers, no fewer than three series of stories for the use of young persons, taken from the histories of Scotland, Ireland, and Greece. The latter two works have been written, printed, and embellished, as well as published, in Dublin, and reflect no inconsiderable credit on all the parties concerned in their production. It was Mr. John Wilson Croker who first set the example of making "nice little books" for children, out of historical works, by the stories from the History of England, which he composed for the use of his adopted daughter. Sir Walter Scott extended and improved upon his plan, by composing for children of a somewhat larger growth of understanding, than Mr. Croker's book had been intended for. The present is the concluding series, from the history of Scotland, and Sir Walter might have truly exclaimed in the words of him who sang of the commonwealth of bees,

Mores et studia, et populos et prælia dicam.
In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.

It is no light praise to say, that Sir Walter Scott is admirably adapted for the task of in-

structing children in the history of their country: he is certainly the most delightful storyteller in the world. He seems to dwell *con amore* upon the sort of incidents likely to attract and fix the attention of the young, and there is a manliness and straightforward good sense about every thing he says, that cannot but serve to strengthen and enlarge the youthful mind. We incline to think that the principle of Sir Walter's plan, namely a simple adherence to facts, without much inference or commentary, might be applied with signal advantage to historical works of a more elaborate description. We entertain a very slight opinion of what is commonly called the philosophy of history, and would have every reader left to draw his own conclusions, when made duly acquainted with the actions performed, and the position of the various actors in relation to society, and to each other. There is a passage in the introduction of these volumes so exactly to our purpose and our taste, upon the subject, that we shall quote it here:—

"I have avoided, particularly in this small publication, every attempt to prejudice your mind in favour of any of those speculative opinions, which have been frequently the cause of unsheathing the sword of civil discord. Some years hence, you will, I hope, study with accuracy the history of Scotland, with a view to form your own opinion which of the contending parties were [was] right or wrong; and I hope you will then possess enough of judgment to perceive, that in political disputes, which, above all others, interest the passions, you are not to expect that either the one party or the other are to be regarded as infallible; and that you will remember that each particular action is to be judged of by its own circumstances, and the motives of the actors—not approved or condemned in the gross, because it is a measure of any particular faction. The present is not intended to be a controversial work. Indeed, if disputed points should be stated here as subjects of discussion, there is no space to argue them; and all that could be brought forward would be the assertion of the author's own opinion, for which he is not entitled to claim any particular deference from other readers, and certainly is not disposed to require it from you, or to desire that you should take upon his authority what should be the subject of your own investigation.

"Like most men of some experience in life, I entertain undoubtedly my own opinions upon the great political questions of the present and of future times; but I have no desire to impress these on my juvenile readers. What I have presumed to offer is a general, and, it is hoped, not an uninteresting selection of facts, which may at a future time form a secure foundation for political sentiments."

There is a quiet graphic humour about the description of the caption of the 'gaid town' of Edinburgh, by prince Charles Edward in 1745, which pleased us much, and will, we think, amuse our readers:—

"The sound of the fire-bell was appointed as the signal for the volunteers to muster in the Lawnmarket. In the meantime, orders were sent to Hamilton's dragoons to march through the city on their way to Corstorphine. The parade and display of these disciplined troops would, it was thought, add spirit to the raw soldiers.

"The following day was Sunday, the 15th of September. The fire-bell, an ominous and

ill-chosen signal, tolled for the assembling the volunteers, and so alarming a sound, during the time of divine service, dispersed those assembled for worship, and brought out a large crowd of the inhabitants to the street. The dragoon regiment appeared, equipped for battle. They huzzad and clashed their swords at sight of the volunteers, their companions in peril, of which neither party were destined that day to see much. But other sounds expelled these warlike greetings from the ears of the civic soldiers. The relatives of the volunteers crowded around them, weeping, protesting, and conjuring them not to expose lives so invaluable to their families to the broadsword of the savage Highlanders. There is nothing of which men, in general, are more easily persuaded, than of the extreme value of their own lives; nor are they apt to estimate them more lightly, when they see they are highly prized by others. A sudden change of opinion took place among the body. In some companies, the men said that their officers would not lead them on; in others, the officers said that the privates would not follow them. An attempt to march the corps towards the West Port, which was their destined route for the field of battle, failed. The regiment moved, indeed, but the files grew gradually thinner and thinner as they marched down the Bow and through the Grassmarket, and not above forty-five reached the West Port. A hundred more were collected with some difficulty, but it seems to have been under a tacit condition, that the march to Corstorphine should be abandoned; for out of the city not one of them issued. The volunteers were led back to their alarm post, and dismissed for the evening, when a few of the most zealous left the town, the defence of which began no longer to be expected, and sought other fields in which to exercise their valour.

"In the meantime, their less warlike companions were doomed to hear of the near approach of the Highland clans. On the morning of Monday, a person named Alves, who pretended to have approached the rebel army by accident, but who was, perhaps, in reality, a favourer of their cause, brought word that he had seen the Duke of Perth, to whom he was personally known, and had received a message to the citizens of Edinburgh, informing them, that if they opened their gates, the town should be favourably treated, but if they attempted resistance, they might lay their account with military execution: "and he concluded," said Alves, "by addressing a young man by the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such was not his pleasure." This message, which was publicly delivered, struck additional terror into the inhabitants, who petitioned the provost to call a general meeting of the citizens, the only purpose of which must have increased the confusion in their councils. Provost Stewart refused to convoke such a meeting. The town was still covered by two regiments of dragoons. Colonel Gardiner, celebrated for his private worth, his bravery, and his devotional character was now in command of Hamilton's regiment, as well as his own, when he was suddenly superseded by General Fowkes, who had been sent from London by sea, and arrived on the night of the 15th of September.

"Early the next morning, the new general drew up the dragoons near the north end of the Colt Bridge, which crosses the Water of